The Battle for Avalor City and Elena's Uncertain Future

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by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Under attack! Elena, Isa, Naomi, her newfound friends like Adora, Catra, Kitty, and Zarya, and soldiers from other kingdoms ready for their biggest fight of their lives, against the mechanical menaces sent by the sovereign of Steamland, Alva Gunderson, who wants to conquer Avalor. If successful, it would begin a possible campaign to conquer all the kingdoms of the Ever Realm, one by one. Their foes have one trick up their sleeves which might hobble the city, to its knees. Will Elena be able to keep or cool or will the actions of the enemy push her over the edge so far that she orders the killing of someone she hasn't even met? Only time will tell, but she, her friends, and allies have a tough battle ahead. No matter who is victorious, this confrontation will have ripple effects on inhabited, spirit, magical, and far-flung worlds for years to come.

Notes

I'm grateful for the comments I got on Twitter, the comment on here, and elsewhere on my last story. Sorry it took me so long to write and publish this story, but you know, work, cicadas, and getting the COVID vaccine, as some of the many reasons that it took a while. A reminder that GSA means Grand Steamland Armada. Jamie Cass, a nerdy sci-fi/fantasy/crime writer, gave some constructive criticism on my last story, saying that while he enjoyed it, the sense of place could be improved. This included more detail about the wondrous Avalor, with more showing, less telling, adding that the story would be "stronger if Avalor felt richer," specifically with language which describes the "feel and look of the city," talking about all the styles and niches that "make a location come to life on the page." He also said it is a shame to not give Avalor "a chance to really breathe on the page" with such a "rich world." I appreciate that sort of criticism because I feel like many writers don't get it on here. Admittedly, I'm not always the best with description, but I tried to describe it a little better in this story. With that, I hope you enjoy this story.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update on 12/13/24: This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World and divided into two chapters at that time.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by The Elevated Investigation of the Empty Gondola by Nineveh_uk

- Inspired by Daggers and Diplomacy by RaychelRay

Chapter 1: Part I. The Battle

The artillery across Avalor continued to boom loudly, as did the beam cannons on the *S.S. Moonboon*, with Kitty at the helm. The steam-powered sky vehicles of a huge armada, the GSA, numbering at least 100 ships in all, were more advanced than anything in this magical land. Making matters worse, the land-based cannons could not reach them with their projectiles. Even so, the beam cannons, coupled with Zary's electric shock arrows, swirling forward rapidly, were able to down a few sky vessels. A zeppelin flagship, headed by the Arch-Druidess, led the GSA forward. Beyond anything in Steamland's history, this fleet was the steam-powered city's biggest undertaking. However, to make it a reality, most of these crafts were *built quickly*. Many angry workers, under guidance from revolutionaries in the sewers, engaged in sabotage. They often built in features which would cause a craft to explode if it reached a specific speed or temperature. None of those aboard the crafts were aware of this. None at all.

Elena looked at the approaching enemy in fear. She remained confident thanks to support from her new friends like Adora, Catra, Zarya, and Kitty, her sister Isa, the Royal Guard, and her wife Naomi. The sailors from Norberg, forces from the Avaloran countryside, Enchania, Paraíso, and Cariza, constituting EPCA UF, were also a tremendous help. She remained concerned that they were vastly outnumbered, due to the number of enemy vessels. Only a miracle of science, engineering, or even magic, could save them. At least, that's what Elena thought. Unlike in the past, when her emotions caused her to bring dreams and objects to life, this time, she tried to stay calm despite the impending danger.

The enemy’s steam-powered ships finally came into range. The pilot of the GSA's flagship shouted down to the Arch-Druidess. "Ma'am, we are encountering heavy flak. How do you wish to proceed?"

Scratching her chin, she pondered their next steps. She remembered something she read once. She had an idea to catch Elena and her friends off guard, creating a distraction.

"Order a squadron of the steamer bombers to peel off and attack the city, then…the royal palace of that tyrant," she hollered back. "The rest of the fleet will move forward as planned."

The pilot understood completely. He communicated the instructions, via radio, to the others steering their vessels. The main fleet fired their steam dispensers, creating a steam screen in front of them. This lasted about 30 seconds, allowing the bombers to slip into the clouds above Avalor City undetected. Those in the city, and its protectors, were *not prepared* for the devastation to follow.

Zarya, Kitty, and the cannoneers had a tough task ahead of them. They remained the first line of defense for the city. If they failed, the enemy could overrun the city, with their machines causing the soldiers inside the city to surrender without much of a fight. The cannoneers were a little terrified of the enemy. Even so, they kept their cool, continuing to load the gunpowder, then cannonballs, one at a time, down the bore with a ramrod.

Kitty looked at Zarya with concern. "Z-Star, *how long* do you think we can keep this up?"

Zarya shook her head. She had never expected the enemy fleet to be this large.

"I don't know. I hope we have some sort of miracle," she began. "Because there are so many more of them than us!"

Zarya scoffed. She couldn't believe her girlfriend had become such a pessimist.

"Come on, Zar," she said, using another of her nicknames, "you fought that whole army led by Dreadbane, the forces of Necrafa, and even my sister, Tazma."

She rolled her eyes. "These planes are *nothing*." Zarya realized her girlfriend was right. She had been *overestimating* the enemy's strength.

She sighed. "Thanks for setting me right, Kitty."

She blew a kiss to her girlfriend. "This one's for you!"

Kitty opened her hand and closed it. She snickered. "Aw, you…cute little pirate."

Meanwhile, inside Avalor City, the sound of propellers from the steam bombers seemed to be coming from everywhere. Elena could not use her powers of farsight, which allowed her to see where those on her mind were. She couldn't use "blaze," a power allowing her to blast something for an extended period, either as the crafts were not visible. She grumbled in annoyance. Her friends, and allies, within the city remained on guard. Not even the Science Academy, outside Avalor City, with its huge telescope, could see the incoming enemy. They all waited in anticipation.

The cobblestone streets of the city were often bustling with activity. This time they were not. All the residents were in underground bunkers. Shoe stores, restaurants, bakeries, the club known as *Meow's Delight*, and even the Trading Guild, formerly owned by Dona Paloma, were shuttered. The same was the case for dwellings which occupied most of the city. The port, filled with ships, coming and going from Avalor's trading partners or going on expeditions to explore the Ever Realm, remained quiet. A cool breeze blew through avenues and thoroughfares, patrolled by the Paraíso Mounted Brigade, and a unit led by Rico Villalobos of Avaloran countryfolk. Elena hoped they could protect the city against any ground assault by the enemy. She realized this was foolhardy since the enemy had an air armada but no ground forces.

Beige stucco houses with wooden shingles, adorned window displays of purplish flowers or hanging baskets, lined the streets. Blooming trees stood next to each of the homes. While someone walking on the city's unimproved, and dirt, streets might have said that the houses were plain, each house was a piece of Avalor. There were family mementos, memorials to those who had passed on, and proper rooming arrangements. For years, Naomi spearheaded a city beautification campaign, encouraging residents to keep their houses clean, tidy, and attractive to onlookers. She always politely asked to enter homes and did not come in unless invited. Her efforts had been a resounding success. That morning, as the enemy approached the city, the homes glistened in the sunlight, a byproduct of her efforts. This beauty did not

last. The enemy fleet readied itself for devastation, no matter the cost to the city, the residents, and the royal family.

Suddenly, the steam bombers came into view. Unfortunately, the cannons around the city were facing the opposite direction, away from the city, and outward into Avalor Bay. Turning them around would be impossible without significant effort, and it could leave the city in even more danger. Even worse, very few of those on the ground were archers, or even had bows or arrows, so they couldn't shoot down, or damage, the flying mechanical menaces. Their bomb bay doors opened and canisters, with an elevated level of kinetic energy, fell to the ground with incredible swiftness. These cans were simply accumulators with hydraulic pumps. When colliding with a person, a building, or another structure, massive destruction followed. The water inside these canisters was superheated. When pressure inside these falling cylinders reached a critical level, they blew up. In the resulting detonation, hot water, steam, expanding bubbles of steam, and a spray of droplets, headed in all directions, scalding, or burning anyone in its path. It could even vaporize buildings if the pressure was strong enough.

Elena could only watch as these steam-powered bombs boomed in the distance. At first, she only saw steam coming from the city's downtown, then plumes of smoke. She knew what that meant: fire. This confirmed her worst fears. She realized that the nightmare, the one she had all those weeks ago, about Steamland attacking Avalor City, was coming true! Not wanting to weaken the city’s fortifications from the approaching enemy fleet, she decided to handle the problem herself. Adora held her sleeve, trying to hold her back.

She pleaded for her to reconsider. "Elena, you can't do this alone. *We* are a team, remember?"

She realized her blond-haired friend was right. She remembered the time she tried to confront Shuriki herself in the royal palace after being released from the amulet. She failed miserably. When she came back with friends, she was successful. Shuriki eventually fell off a cliff in defeat. While the evil witch later returned, trying to wreak havoc on Avalor once again, she realized, that day, the importance of friends and allies. Not everything can be done by yourself.

"You are right Adora," she remarked. She put her hand on her friend's shoulder and patted her on the back. A smile came across her face. Adora knew what that meant. Before she could say a word, Catra butted in.

"Enough with the cute bonding, lets cream these *steamy jerkwads*."

Elena and Adora nodded. Right after that Adora teased her girlfriend about calling her bonding with Elena "cute." Her face became a little reddish and warm. She said, clearly embarrassed by Adora’s teasing, "shut up!" They both giggled and walked toward the city’s center. Elena told them she had *something* "important to do," and would be joining them later. They accepted her reasoning and kept walking to the docks.

Elena walked over to Isa, whispering to her about having to move the cannons to cover their absence from the frontline. Understanding what her sister wanted, she listened and complied. She loved the city as much as anyone else. If it fell into enemy hands, she'd blame herself. She and her sister were glad to see that the enemy can completely avoided attacking the

hydro-gondolas, coaches with latched doors, one of Isa's star inventions. If another wave of bombers had hit the city, after the ones which set the city afire, these gondolas could have suffered high damage. For instance, steel wire ropes strung between supporting towers, and stations, driven by bullwheels, allowing the gondolas to across the city, might have been snapped. Bombs would have destroyed the engines, powered by the Avaloran waterfalls, tied to the ropes, allowing the gondolas to move with ease, or even the control panels. If that had happened, there'd be silence. No mechanical sounds of rattling machinery, and workings, lurching when they left the ground. The joy some got from sitting on top of the gondolas, or the dramatic views of the city from inside, would disappear if the bombs had caused damage.

Elena caught up with Adora and Catra, who were attempting to climb a stucco house and put out the blaze. She shook her head at her friends, who had managed to get to the top of a house, even as they struggled to put out the flames. Taking her scepter out of its holster, she pointed it at hanging plants on one of the windows of the stucco house and *bellowed*: "BLOOM!"

Unfortunately, this did little to stop the flames, as the flowers shriveled up with the extreme heat. Catra scampered down from the roof in fear after the flames singed some of her fur. From the ground, she growled in frustration. Adora followed not long after, protecting her girlfriend from any danger that might befall them. Elena had a different reaction. She stood dumbfounded. While her scepter had amplified powers that cause something to glow, light on fire, reveal a hidden passage, envision something, illuminate a cave, cause one to be invisible, show a truth, or fire a blast of energy, none of these could extinguish the blaze.

While she could have used the "seal it" power to turn the flames into crystal, like she had with the Chispa, she didn't remember the name of the spell. It had been *so long* since she had used the power. Standing and watching the city burn in front of her eyes, with nothing to do, made her feel hopeless. This feeling soon faded away, however. She put her scepter back on her belt and fumbled in her pocket. She found a conch shell and held in her hand. She blew on it. While the sound that came out was loud, with a tone only audible to one species in the Ever Realm: the Sirenas. With Marisa now the queen of these merpeople after the passing of her mother and father, she expected imminent help, especially since Marisa had always been sweet on her. She had become, in some ways, Elena’s second girlfriend, after Naomi.

With the problem "solved," Elena motioned to Catra and Adora. She pointed up at the steam-powered bombers. Without saying a word, she aimed her scepter in the direction of these metal beasts. Somehow Adora understood and did the same. Both shot their magical weapons into the sky. Elena yelled "BLAZE!" while Adora pointed her sword upward.

With almost pinpoint accuracy, the bombers were *torn to shreds*, one after another. Catra, annoyed, stood, beside Adora, not knowing what to do because she did not have a magical weapon. Seeing her dismayed girlfriend, Adora came up with an idea. She asked Catra to help her aim the sword and hit the targets. She agreed and they had a grand-old time, together.

One bomber remained, en route to the royal palace. Elena spotted the enemy ship. She knew that if the bomber dropped its payload on the palace, it would obliterate her home. The royal

guard would be so demoralized that they'd stop fighting and flee, even if some of her friends, like Gabe, stood and fought to the end. She planted one foot on the ground and raised her arm to the sky. "BLAZE!" she shrieked.

Although the ship was far away, she maintained the energy flow. The boost from the Crystal Well of Takaina all those years ago has supercharged the scepter and in her powers. Her blast easily reached it.

The cannisters aboard ignited and the ship shattered into a thousand pieces, plummeting to the nearby waters. Scattered parts from the ships littered the city. She walked to the frontlines with Adora and Catra, so they could all fight off incoming airships, which almost reached the docks, making their way across the bay. Zarya and Kitty had been *moderately* successful in wiping out the fleet. Half of the skyships remained, even with the constant bombardment from cannons controlled by Isa and cannoneers. Catra, Elena, and Adora couldn't get there soon enough. Using her magic sword, Adora aimed at the underside of steam planes, weakened by Steamlandian workers to rupture on impact from an intense burst of energy. Even though the fleet was falling apart, the Arch-Druidess *demanded* they continue forward and double their pace.

This did not happen. Their ships halted, instead of accelerating, with a loud screech, and began to burn. Elena sensed an opportunity.

"Destroy those ships! Hit them one by one!" she shouted.

As such, the cannons began to open fire, she used her scepter to blast some of them, as did Adora with her sword. Each ship fell into the ocean. Terrified, the Arch-Druidess dictated *a command* to her fellow soldiers: "Full retreat!" Her ever-loyal soldiers tried to do so but could not. The reverse controls had been jammed and their ships went up in flames, *falling into the water*. Soon, only the flagship remained.

Elena realized that the Arch-Druidess could escape and come back with a new army. Half-way to the *S.S. Moonboon*, she *roared.* "Follow that ship! We can't let it get away!"

Zarya and Kitty heard her loud and clear. Before they left, Zarya wanted to say something. She cleared her throat and then began speaking.

"It was *an honor* to serve alongside you, Ms. Elena Castillo Flores! And we wish you, your wife, and all Avalor, *the best*."

Kitty bowed her head. As a sign of gratitude, Elena went down on one knee and bowed.

"I am forever grateful for your service to Avalor. We will always be in your debt."

The soldiers across the city, Naomi, and Isa, and others, took off their hats in reverence.

Elena soon picked herself up and shouted, "good luck out there, you two!"

Zarya and Kitty nodded.

"Thank you for everything, Elena," Zarya remarked.

"We will always remember you, Elena, and Avalor."

As she waved goodbye, a tear streaked down her cheek.

"You are always welcome here. Come back anytime!"

"We will!" shouted Zarya and Kitty in unison.

Frontward cannons of the *S.S. Moonboon* began firing, following the flagship of the Arch-Druidess in close pursuit. On board, the Arch-Druidess sneered.

"Those rascals wrecked our damn fleet. They haven't seen the last of us!"

The pilot expressed his doubts. "Ma'am, Mr. Gunderson will not be pleased to see our lack of progress."

He added a personal note. "I fear for your safety, ma'am. I recommend we do not return to Steamland…at least not now."

She pondered this idea. While it made sense, she *worried* about the fleet's next destination.

In the meantime, the zeppelin was smoking. Booms rocked the zeppelin. The Arch-Druidess snarled. "Make for the *other* dimension!"

The pilot agreed even though parts of the ship began to crumble due to blasts caused by *S.S. Moonboon*'s beam cannons. Zarya put her arm around Kitty and stood beside her.

"We will get this woman and defeat her, if it's the last thing we do!" she declared.

Kitty hugged her girlfriend back and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Z-Star, I'll go with you anywhere and do anything…I promise you…we can defeat this woman…together."

Both women embraced each other as they watched their cannons bombard the enemy vessel. The *S.S. Moonboon* moved forward on autopilot into the great beyond and across the galaxy.

Chapter 2: Part II. The Aftermath

Chapter Summary

The battle has ended. Zarya and Kitty had left, chasing the Arch-Druidess, and Avalor was safe. But, the aftermath is not pretty, especially with a raging fire damaging much of the city. While Elena is able to put out all the fires, thanks to help from the Sirenas (and fellow soldiers), she calls from Zuzo, her spirit guide, as she wants revenge against those which caused this damage, most notably Alva Gunderson, the sovereign of Steamland. Is she being too rash? Or is her anger and call for his death justified? Whatever she decides, it will have consequences which haunt for her days, weeks, months, and years to come...

Chapter Notes

On 12/13/24 I decided to, when cross-posting this on Squidge World, to divide this fic into two chapters. It seemed it worked better that way.

Elena felt relieved. The battle had ended. Zarya and Kitty had the Arch-Druidess on the run, thanks to the efforts of herself, Isa, Adora, Catra, her allies from neighboring kingdoms, and farmer-soldiers of Avalor. Even so, the inferno, caused by the incendiary devices dropped by the steam bombers, consumed much of the city center, and even reached the water's edge. Smoke filled the air, and flames billowed higher than what anyone had seen in the past. Elena turned to the assembled forces spread across the city. She yelled as loud as she could.

"Can you hear me?" she asked.

Cries of "yes!" and "definitely" rang out across the city.

She started speaking. "We have won. Avalor stands strong."

She sighed. She continued her speech. "Before leaving to your homesteads, I'd like your help...with putting out this blaze."

She added, "all flames near the water will be taken care of by the Sirenas…so don't worry about that."

The soldiers put down their swords, spears, and other weapons, and grabbed buckets, wherever they could find them. Each bucket was filled with ocean water. Carts were used to bring buckets to the raging inferno. Paraíso Mounted Brigade used their horses while hydro-

gondolas moved soldiers. Those in Enchania's unit of winged horses grabbed buckets so they could approach the blaze from the air and drench it from above. Isa, Catra, and Adora helped in whatever way they could. Naomi and the sailors from Norberg promised to greet the Sirenas and tell them what needed to be done to put out the fires. In the thick of it all, Elena surreptitiously snuck through the city and back to the royal palace.

All the emotions she had been holding in, everything she had seen during the fight, came pouring out.

"ZUZO!" she said in a hushed tone.

He appeared in a flash. "What can I do for you, Elena?" he asked politely.

Breathing in deeply, she checked to see if anyone was around. She proceeded to yell angrily.

"I wish that fucker, Alva Gunderson, were dead! He has to pay the price for what he did to Avalor!"

Zuzo was confused. He *never* remembered her acting like this, even when she struggled with her enhanced powers before becoming queen.

"What do you mean? What did he do?"

She showed him the city, where the blaze continued to rage and smoke billowed into the sky, even though water had begun extinguishing the fire storm.

"Yikes, that's gonna leave a mark!" Zuzo *snarkily* remarked.

Elena rolled her eyes. "Can you do this for me…*NOW*!?"

He shuttered. He did *not* want to make a mistake.

"Are you sure? This isn't something you can go back on."

She took out her scepter and pointed it at him. Stamping her feet, she moved closer and became more agitated.

"I've sent people to the spirit world for their crimes, like Shuriki and Orizaba…and faced down Ash…how is this any different?"

Zuzo could see her point. He thought convincing her had little choice of succeeding. Even he made one last attempt.

"…this person won't go the spirit world…he'll go somewhere else."

Elena *continued* to be cross with him. She scowled. "I DON'T CARE! DO IT!"

He realized that while Elena did not have the right state of mind, he *had to* obey her commands. That's what it meant to be a spirit guide.

"Your wish is my command," he said solemnly, and disappeared.

She walked off in a huff. Not looking where she was going, she *accidentally* bumped into Naomi who had been looking all over for her.

"Nena, there you are! I am *really* worried about you. Are you ok?"

Elena tried to push her off and go back into the palace's royal quarters. She came with an excuse.

"I'd like to get some rest…I'll…be fine…don't worry about me."

Naomi patted her on the head. "Sweetums, come to me if there's *anything*…you'd like to talk about," she said in the gentlest voice.

Walking back into the building, Elena started to walk up the stairs. Not thinking straight, she went to the quietest place she knew: the royal library. She sat down on one of the plush couches. In no time at all, she fell fast asleep, snoring loudly. Her noise filled an, often quiet, room with sounds that may have annoyed some people. Even so, Naomi would probably have found it cute. While the scepter, at its current power level, ensured she did not get tired from its use, she did not have superhuman strength. She could still suffer from fatigue and physical injury.

Some time later, she stretched and yawned, opening her eyes bit by bit. She saw two yellowish eyes staring at her inquisitively. She rubbed her eyes to see if someone's there or if she had been dreaming. The bluish purple-haired woman waved at her. "Hi, Elena! How are you doing?"

Groggy, she didn't know how to answer. "Uh…Marisa…nice to see you," she said sheepishly.

Her friend was glad to see a woman she called her "land-sea girlfriend." She squeezed her tightly and grinned happily. Pulling herself up, Elena began to wake up a little more.

"Where's Nomes? I'd like to talk to her" she asked.

"In the council chambers," Marisa answered matter-of-factly. Elena gulped. She hoped the council wouldn't discipline her for authorizing final preparations prior to the armada's arrival without meeting with them first. She told Marisa to walk with her as she sauntered over the council chambers. On the way, she explained how the Sirenas had used their abilities to create a huge tidal wave, dousing the blaze in the part of Avalor City near the water.

"Thanks for doing that, Marisa."

She giggled. "It's my pleasure, Elena," she said. "I will do anything for Avalor…and *for you*," she then told her.

While Elena accepted the praise, she did not want to make Naomi jealous. she treated, Marisa as one of her good friends, and nothing more. Marisa thought of her as something *more* than a friend. When walking into the chambers, she awaited the worst and hoped for the best.

She opened the doors, unsure of what she'd find. The dark room had the shades drawn. After she and Marisa had entered the room, the door closed behind them. She heard Isa, Naomi, Francisco, and Luisa shout "SURPRISE!" and someone pulled up the window shade.

"We want to congratulate you, mija, on winning over those steam-powered machines," Luisa said.

"Thanks, Abuela," Elena remarked.

"I knew you could do it," Francisco and her sister said in unison.

After thanking her abuelo, she tussled Isa's hair. "It is thanks to those automatic cannons and system you created, sis, that we won."

She put her arm around her wife and raised a glass. "A toast to all of you, soldiers from nearby kingdoms, and my newfound friends, Catra and Adora…we did it!"

Everyone cheered. With all the commotion, Elena grabbed her wife's arm, and no one even noticed.

"Nomes, I have to talk to you."

She was confused. She thought their troubles had ended, at least for now.

"About what?" she said innocently.

Elena *whispered* in her ear, "it's important. Let's talk in the library."

Naomi agreed. Both slipped away silently. Marisa became the center of attention instead. She stood near the window, with her moderate orangish brown shining in the sunlight. She excitedly chatted with Catra and Adora, always excited to meet new people, especially those from a faraway land.

A short while later, Naomi sat beside her wife in the royal library. It was one of the only quiet places in all Avalor, including in Avalor City, not bustling with people.

"Nomes, I…did something terrible."

Putting her hand on her wife's shoulder, she tried to reassure her. With everything that had happened that day, she couldn't think of one thing her wife had *done wrong*. She began to say something, but Elena spoke first.

"I ordered the death of…someone."

Naomi scratched her head. It seemed out of character for her wife to do that. "I'm sure you were under *so much stress* that you…"

She hesitated before saying the next part: "Hallucinated it."

This made Elena feel better. She cracked a smile.

"You are probably right, Naomi."

Even so, *part of her* believed it had happened.

"If I *did* order an assassination, then I *hope* that Zuzo didn't take me seriously."

Not wanting her wife to worry anymore, she thought up an obvious solution. Elena could ask her spirit guide.

"Nena, why don't you ask Zuzo about it?"

Elena nodded. It seemed like the best way to put herself at ease.

"ZUZO!" she yelled at the loudest decibel. He appeared in a flash, even faster than she had expected.

"What do for you…" he began, seeing their stern faces. He didn't know why they were looking at him like that.

"Uh, what is it?" he asked.

Elena pulled out her scepter and held it in face. She smirked.

"Tell me the truth. Did I order someone's execution? If you don't tell me, I'll blast a hole in this damn wall."

While he knew that her scepter couldn't hurt him, he *decided* to comply with her request. He snickered.

"Why, *of course* you did…can't you remember? Alva Gunderson…will be killed by the *best in the business*…and you will have to live with the consequences."

Zuzo disappeared in a flash, leaving Elena to contemplate her decision.

What happened next would be up to Elena and the killers she "accidentally" hired to kill Alva. As the sovereign of Steamland, the steam-powered country, he had ordered a fleet to attack Avalor, claiming he had to "liberate" it from a "tyrant". Bombers from that fleet had, only hours before, ravaged Avalor City. Whether she had been right or not, his death would have ripple effects on Steamland, Avalor, and on people such as Elena and Naomi.

End Notes

For this story, I used content from the page for Dona Paloma on the Elena of Avalor wiki, Al Simley's post "The Safety Dangers of Hydraulic Accumulators," a webpage titled "Exploding Hydraulic Piston Accumulator," Gregory P. Sandukas' paper, "Gently Down the Stream: How Exploding Steamboat Boilers in the19th Century Ignited Federal Public Welfare Regulation," and a discussion about steam power in canister form. I also incorporated information from the "Boiler explosion," "Gondola lift," and "Steam explosion" Wikipedia pages, screenshots from the film, Elena and the Secret of Avalor, to get a feel of what Avalor City is really like, so I could describe it accurately, the Scepter of Light, Spirit World, Sugar Rush, Princess Elena, and Princess Marisa pages on the Elena of Avalor wiki, the Sugar Rush page on the Disney Wiki, and the Sword of Protection page on the She-Ra and the Princesses of Power wiki. Parts of this story are inspired by scenes in the Star Wars: The Clone Wars information from "Shadow of Malevolence" and "Destroy Malevolence" where the Republic ships are firing at the ship of General Grevious. I realized, in re-reading my previous series, Unlikely Alliance of Evildoers that I had called the Grand Steamland Armada by the moniker "GDA" because of "Grand Diamond Armada," so I changed it to "GSA." I revised this story after watching episode "The Magic Within You," where Elena's scepter is supercharged by the Crystal Well of Takaina. Apart from the sources already stated, for the Hydro-Gondolas, I used information from the "Sugar Rush" episode, a tumblr blog, and various other sources listed in the inspiration section. I improved the story after watching more episodes of Elena of Avalor, especially when it comes to physical fatigue and injury of Elena herself, or that fact that she can conduct magic without her scepter (it is within her, obviously), and that she is right-handed, although she can also use her left hand to cast spells, but is not as adept with it, with Mateo calling her "sceptidextrous" after she gets her cast off.

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